

With hir, and hadde aqueyntaunce:
Hir aqueyntaunce is perilous,
first softe, and aftirward noyous;
She hath thee trashed, withoute ween;
The God of Love had thee not seen,
Ne hadde Ydillesse thee conveyed
In the verger where Mirthe him pleyed.
If foly have supprised thee,
Do so that it recovered be;
And be wel war to take no more
Counsel, that greveth aftir sore;
He is wys that wol himsilf chastyse.
And though a young man in any wyse
Trespase among, and do foly,
Lat him not tarye, but hastily
Lat him amende what so be mis.
And eek I counseile thee, ywis,
The God of Love hoolly foryet,
That hath thee in sich payne set,
And thee in herte tormented so.
I can nat seen how thou mayst go
Other weyes to garisoun;
for Daunger, that is so feloun,
felly purposith thee to werrey,
Which is ful cruel, the soth to sey.
And yit of Daunger cometh no blame,
In reward of my doughter Shame,
Which hath the roses in hir warde,
As she that may be no musarde.
And Wikked/Tunge is with these two,
That suffrith no man thider go;
for er a thing be do, he shal,
Where that he cometh, over al,
In fourty places, if it be sought,
Seye thing that never was doon ne wrought;
So moche tresoun is in his male,
Of falsnesse for to feyne a tale.
Thou delest with angry folk, ywis;
Wherfor to thee it bettir is
from these folk away to fare,
for they wol make thee live in care.
This is the yvel that Love they calle,
Wherin ther is but foly alle,
for love is foly everydel;
Who loveth, in no wyse may do wel,
Ne sette his thought on no good werk.
His scole he lesith, if he be clerk;
Of other craft eek if he be,
He shal not thryve therin; for he
In love shal have more passiouun
Than monke, hermyte, or chanoun.
The payne is hard, out of mesure,
The joye may eek no whyl endure;
And in the possessioun
Is muche tribulacioun;
The joye it is so short/lasting,
And but in happe is the geting;
for I see ther many in travaille,
That atte laste foule fayle.
I was nothing thy counselor,
Whan thou were maad the homager
Of God of Love to hastily;
Ther was no wisdom, but foly.

Thyn herte was joly, but not sage,
Whan thou were brought in sich a rage,
To yelde thee so redily,
And to Love, of his gret maistry.
I rede thee Love away to dryve,
That makith thee recche not of thy lyve.
The foly more fro day to day
Shal growe, but thou it putte away.
Take with thy teeth the bridel faste,
To daunte thyn herte; and eek thee caste,
If that thou mayst, to gete defence
for to redresse thy first offence.
Whoso his herte alwey wol leve,
Shal finde among that shal him greve.
WHAN I hir herd thus me chastyse,
I answerd in ful angry wyse.
I prayed hir cessen of hir speche,
Outher to chastyse me or teche,
To bidde me my thought refreyne,
Which Love hath caught in his demeyne:
What? wene ye Love wol consent,
That me assailith with bowe bent,
To draw myn herte out of his bonde,
Which is so quikly in his bonde?
That ye counsayle, may never be;
for whan he first arested me,
He took myn herte so hool him til,
That it is nothing at my wil;
He taughte it so him for to obey,
That he it sparrd with a key.
I pray yow lat me be al stille,
for ye may wel, if that ye wille,
Your wordis waste in idilnesse;
for utterly, withouten gesse,
Al that ye seyn is but in veyne.
Me were lever dye in the payne,
Than Love to meward shulde arette
falsheed, or tresoun on me sette.
I wol me gete prys or blame,
And love trewe, to save my name;
Who me chastysith, I him hate.
WHAN that word Resoun wente hir gate,
Whan she saugh for no sermoning
She might me fro my foly bring.
Than dismayed, I lefte al sool,
forwery, forwarded as a fool,
for I ne knew no chevisaunce.
Than fel into my remembraunce,
How Love bade me to purveye
A felowe, to whom I mighte seye
My counsel and my privete,
for that shulde muche availe me.
With that bithought I me, that I
hadde a felowe faste by,
Trewe and siker, curteys, and hend,
And he was called by name a freend;
A trewer felowe was nowher noon.
In haste to him I wente anon,
And to him al my wo I tolde,
fro him right nought I wold withholde.
I tolde him al withoute were,
And made my compleynt on Daungere,
How for to see he was hidous,

And to meward contrarious;
The whiche through his cruelte
Was in poynt to have meygned me;
With Bialacoil whan he me sey
Within the gardyn walke and pley,
fro me he made him for to go,
And I bilefte aloun in wo;
I durst no longer with him speke,
for Daunger seide he wolde be wreke,
Whan that he sawe how I wente
The fresshe botoun for to hente,
If I were hardy to come neer.
Bitwene the hay and the roser.
HIS freend, whan he wiste of my thought,
He discomforted me right nought,
But seide: felowe, be not so mad,
Ne so abaysshed nor bistad.
Mysilf I knowe ful wel Daungere,
And how he is feers of his chere,
At prime temps, Love to manace;
ful ofte I have ben in his caas.
A feloun first though that he be,
Aftir thou shalt him souple see.
Of long passed I knew him wele;
Ungoodly first though men him fele,
He wol meek aftir, in his bering,
Been, for service and obeysshing.
I shal thee telle what thou shalt do:
Mekely I rede thou go him to,
Of herte pray him specially
Of thy trespase to have mercy,
And hote him wel, him here to plesse,
That thou shalt nevermore him displese.
Who can best serve of flattery,
Shal plesse Daunger most uttirly.
HIS freend hath seid to me so wel,
That he me esid hath somdel,
And eek alleged of my torment;
for through him had I hardement
Again to Daunger for to go,
To preve if I might meke him so.
DAUNGER cam I, al ashamed,
The whiche aform me hadde blamed,
Desyryng for to pese my wo;
But over hegge durst I not go,
for he forbad me the passage.
I fond him cruel in his rage,
And in his hond a gret burdoun.
To him I knelid lowe adoun,
ful meke of port, and simple of chere,
And seide: Sir, I am comen here
Only to aske of you mercy.
That greveth me, sir, ful gretly
That ever my lyf I wratthed you,
But for to amende I am come now,
With al my might, bothe loude and stille,
To doon right at your owne wille;
for Love made me for to do
That I have trespassed hidirto;
fro whom I ne may withdrawe myn herte;
Yit shal I never, for joy ne smerte,
What so bifalle, good or ille,
Offende more ageyn your wille.

Lever I have endure disece
Than do that shulde you displese.
I you require and pray, that ye
Of me have mercy and pitee,
To stinte your yre that greveth so,
And I wol swere for evermo
To be redressid at your lyking,
If I trespasse in any thing;
Save that I pray thee graunte me
A thing that may nat warned be,
That I may love, al only;
Non other thing of you aske I.
I shal doon elles wel, ywis,
If of your grace ye graunte me this.
And ye ne may not letten me,
for wel wot ye that love is free,
And I shal loven, sith that I wil,
Whoever lyke it wel or il;
And yit ne wold I, for al fraunce,
Do thing to do you displesaunce.
WHAN Daunger fil in his entent
for to foryeve his maltalent;
But al his wratthe yit at laste
he hath releged, I preyde so faste:
Shortly he seide: Thy request
Is not to mochel dishonest;
Ne I wol not werne it thee,
for yit nothing engreveth me,
for though thou love thus evermore,
To me is neither softe ne sore.
Love wher thee list; what recchith me,
So thou fer fro my roses be?
Trust not on me, for noon assay,
In any time to passe the hay.
Thus hath he graunted my prayere.
WHAN wente I forth, withouten were,
Unto my freend, and tolde him al,
Which was right joyful of my tale.
He seide: Now goth wel thyn affaire,
He shal to thee be debonaire.
Though he aform was dispitous,
He shal heeraftir be gracious.
If he were touchid on som good veyne,
He shuld yit rewen on thy payne.
Suffre, I rede, and no boost make,
Til thou at good mes mayst him take.
By suffraunce, and by wordis softe,
A man may overcomen ofte
him that aform he hadde in drede,
In bookis sothly as I rede.
HAS hath my freend with gret comfort
Avaunced me with high disport,
Which wolde me good as mich as I.
And thanne anon ful sodeynly
I took my leve, and streight I went
Unto the hay; for gret talent
I had to seen the fresshe botoun,
Wherin lay my salvacioun;
And Daunger took kepe, if that I
Kepe him covenaut trewly.
So sore I dradde his manasing,
I durst not breken his bidding;
for, lest that I were of him shent,